

## Re Teaches Hypnotic Art.

Little English Doctor Who Professes to Impart the Mystic Gift.

"Now doctor, I have come to ask you to tell me all about your Academy of Medical Hypnotism. Is it really true that one can by study alone become a hypnotist? Could you, for instance, teach me to hypnotize? Do you believe in clairvoyance? Can you hypnotize any one and every one? Can you ever be hypnotized against one's will? Do you think one could be made to commit a crime under its influence? Do you think—"

At this point, the doctor, a venerable little man, inclined to stoutness, with snow-white beard and alert, piercing brown eyes made a gesture of impatient protest.

"My dear young woman! Just pause a moment in your questioning. I have devoted the last forty years of my life to the study of this science, and am still studying the answers to these great questions which you fire at me so flippantly. Assuredly hypnotism can be taught. It is an art which, like any other, can be studied, comprehended and put into practice. In a course of lessons, if you are apt, I could put you into possession of this power. Of course, to become a master, the art must spring from intuition, just as the musician in order to master his instrument, must possess a certain secret in coloring color, form, harmony, mathematical values or what not. Mental quality doesn't exist, you know, above all in the hypnotic art. Some more highly endowed than others gain the supremacy, just as some excel in music, painting or poetry."

"What sort of people, as a rule, constitute your clientele?"

"My classes are largely made up of medical students and practicing physicians, many of whom, through my instructions, have completely revolutionized their methods. Today there are more than 200 practical magnetizers in New York City alone."

"Will you not give me some idea of your methods?"

"Certainly. A full course of instruction includes ten lessons of one hour and a half each. I also give the same course by illustrated correspondence, and have as many correspondence pupils as personal visitors."

"Do you yourself always succeed in hypnotizing your subject?"

"My no. I should say that I do not succeed in more than 10 per cent of them."

"How do you explain this?"

"You have yourself noticed the instinctive repulsion which some people have for you upon a first meeting, and the corresponding repulsion which you experience with others. Now it is extremely difficult to overcome this repulsion, and sufficiently to hypnotize a subject possessing it. You have to do battle with the law of its temperament, and temperament, you know, is well-nigh inextinguishable. Generally speaking, a person in whom the animal nature predominates is the least easily hypnotized, as the higher individual nature offers more resistance to the influence. The study of hypnotism includes the study of temperament, and its three components, vitality, motion and mentality. In every case one of these predominant and determines character. Hypnotism strengthens character. One may be hypnotized to think better, to comprehend more fully and to act more quickly."

"And how about animals?"

"Animals are often hypnotized. It is this art which gives the lion tamer his power. By his perfect fearlessness and easy security, he dominates the fiercest will, and is able to perform daring feats. Look at this wild little blue bird flying about my room. It escaped from its cage just before you entered. Now, I give you my word of honor that I have never hypnotized that bird, but I think I can show you how easily it is done."

"The greatest difficulty was in catching the bird, which really was a wild little beauty. But soon it was rolling between the trained hands of the hypnotist, and after it had been brought upon a few times, and 'suggested to' a little, it obediently stood upon its head, and then, following the will of its master, lay upon its back."

"How about clairvoyance, doctor, do you believe in that?"

"Do I believe in it? You might as well ask me if I believe in the solar system. No, I don't believe in it. I know it. But I do believe it can be gained by study alone. One must be born with the gift. Clairvoyants are often very helpful in diagnosing



## PAINTING ON GLASS.

Easy Work Which Can Be Used to Ornament.

Painting on glass in imitation of terra cotta or mosaic is a pretty pastime. The results, too, are as a rule, most satisfactory, the appearance of lasting being imparted to the surface. The painting is in flat tints, and crude, bright colors must be avoided.

The materials required are ordinary oil colors, nitrocellulose medium, some artists' brushes, and a good black lacquer for grounding. Japanese black lacquer covers better than most of them, and a tube of coal-black black for outlining.

White, dull red, and stone color on a black ground make a good combination. Dull buff and yellow against black; dark blue, light blue, Indian red, yellowish green, against an ivory white ground are suggested as suitable combinations of color for picture glass.

## This Is French Chivalry.

American Girls Soon Learn that Paris Men Are All Masher.

Every American girl who travels to Paris stands in wholesome awe of the Parisian man. He is the special bugbear of the independent little girl, and the student who goes to the gay capital to pursue one of the other sciences.

They don't understand him at first, for he is more than they comprehend the language or the puzzling system of Parisian life, but should be forewarned to look upon his attentions with good-natured indifference, or stick close to a chaperon.

Provided any girl is sufficiently young, passably pretty, or even child and engaging in her appearance, sooner or later she will find that when walking the streets of Paris alone she is capable of arousing the most alarming and unpleasant interest in the average passing man. It won't be very long before she comes to the disgusted conclusion that no Parisian of the sterner sex, no matter how old, how stout, or how busy he may be, but has time and patience and the inclination to have a little fun at her expense.

Her first encounters are usually with the Boulevardier, the inveterate lounge about those broad, beautiful, shady avenues of Paris, where the outdoor-loving Parisians more or less spend all day and half the night. He is rather a well-dressed chap, with three mustaches, the upper pointed, broad and a naughty little twinkle in his eye.

He begins by giving her slow, wicked little winks with his twinkling black eyes or murmuring some elaborate compliment as she passes. Growing bolder, he will raise his hat and venture a "bonjour," and if she is a very pretty girl, indeed, he will do her the infinite compliment of following her.

At last, he calls it a compliment, for no Frenchman looks upon these advances as impertinences, and it would be useless to try to persuade him that the girl herself so regarded them. His interest in womanhood is as vivid as Adam's undoubtedly was the day he made Eve's acquaintance; and gentleman and staidness, the workman in his blue blouse and the little soldier sunning himself under the broad chestnut trees, all feel an undying and burning sentiment about a femme.

The girl behind the tall easel chimed in

## LUXURIOUS CORNERS FOR LENTEN TEAS

Mrs. John Jacob Astor's new home, recently thrown open to society through a series of housewarming, has what her friends consider the ideal tea room. It lies well back upon the first floor of the deep house. Its entire rear wall is glass, allowing the last rays of sun to linger over the 5 o'clock tea service and its furnishings are plush. Chairs—yes, there are resting places—chairs, high cushions and unique stools, but you get the lasting impression of late sunlight slanting upon a palm frond.

ASTOR TEA ROOM.

Over the arched entrance is cascaded a Russian scarf, for it is Russian tea with lemon that is served here. Lending to the room is the reception room, which comes mysteriously by curtains and arches with the dining room, which in turn comes by sliding doors with the dining room of Mrs. William Astor, who lives in the

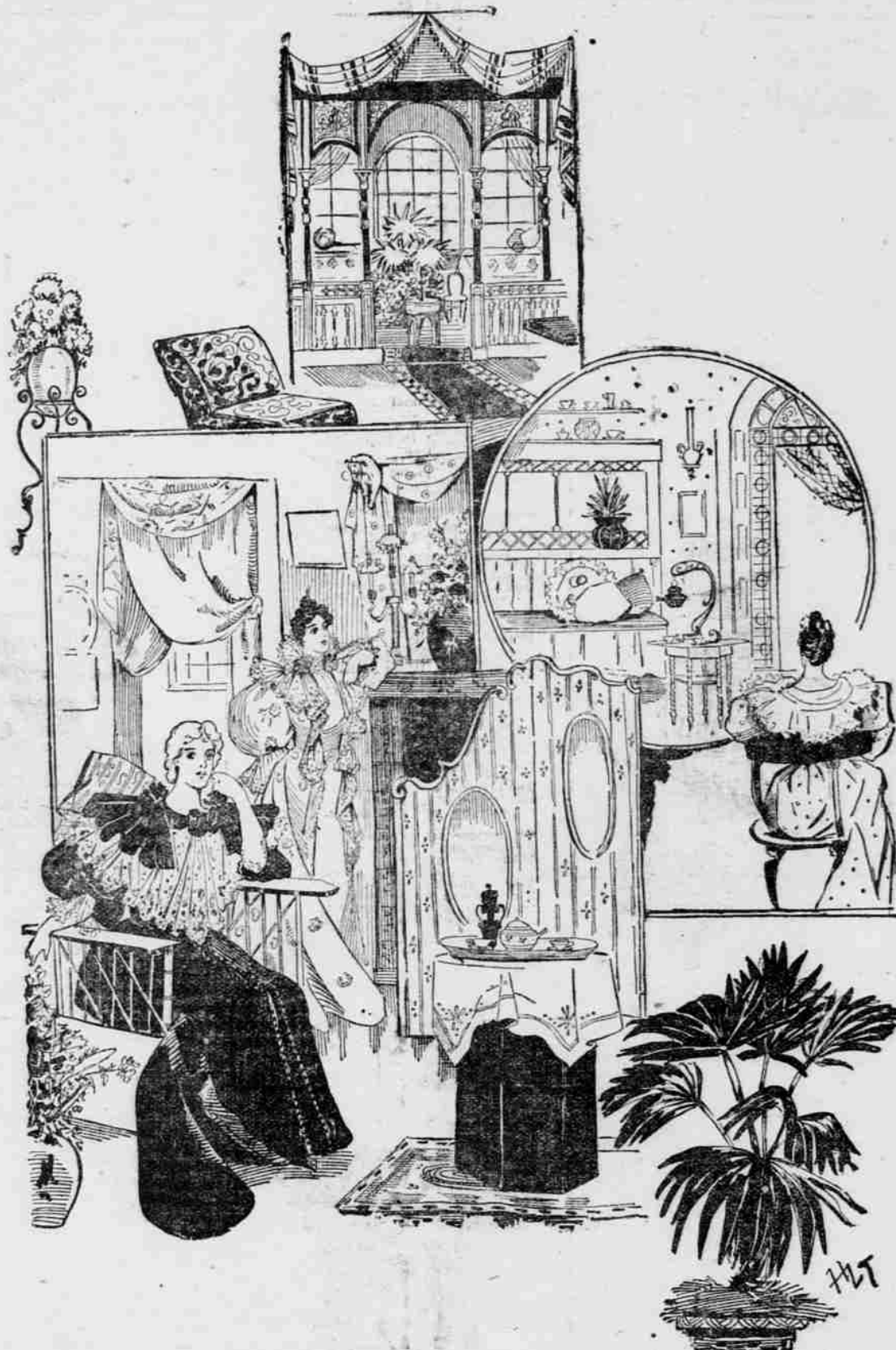
thorough girl, persists in being only a girl. If she spends money it isn't on herself. Her tea room is a square apartment in the rear of the grand salon of her father's enormous house on Fifth avenue. It looks out upon the avenue and has a window that glances toward Central Park. The furniture of the room is in blue and pink, the pink being the precise shade which Miss Gertrude wore to the Astor ball, in chiffon. The tea service is an arm holding the kettle. Beside it are the cups resting upon an inlaid table.

There is a couch supplied with pillows from the gowns that have been lent to the young hostess, and upon little shelves everywhere around the room are cups of thimble-sized china. Drooping in for a Lenten cup of tea, the caller is asked to select a cup, which is then filled from the shelf and filled with tea. A neat maid slips in and

ceremony which Miss Bend, who is very devoted, often attends.

Though tea from England was the cause of revolutionary trouble, the tea room in its beauty is an American invention. In Paris, when Mme. Faure sends out cards for a 5 o'clock tea her invitations are in French, except the words "5 o'clock tea," which are in English. The Epouses have no words for 5 o'clock tea, as we have no direct terms for the B. S. V. P. which we place upon invitations that need a reply.

Mme. Faure has a tea room which was furnished for her by Mrs. William Astor while that lady was visiting at the President's house last spring. It is Marie Antoinette style, and has the poor queen's little fancies, from the glass for the tea-cups to the snuff box, with silk laid in the cover. Marie Antoinette's boudoir was her room for day luncheons, but she did not call them "afternoon teas." Mme. Faure



Some Lenten Tea Spots of Fifth Avenue Palaces.

twin house next door. That little tea room is expensive. Given the broad window and the plush all can have tea in the dying sunlight when tired nerves are getting themselves tensioned for dressing for dinner.

No house but has a tea room for Lent. In one of the finest avenue houses there is no provision for a tea room; and what does the hostess do these afternoons when the gay world settles its gaiety to gossip and its revelry to tea? She is at home in her tea room as others are. Her little tea nook is an improvised one. It is in a corner of a great drawing room. A screen, tall and paneled with glass, makes the tea room, and a little tea service upon a Cairo stand does the rest. There are very old chairs within this inclosure. One is of wood, with broad arms, and another, also of wood, is a Naples chair, black as your hat and as comfortable as an ironing board, but carved until you cry out with joy at its intricacies.

Mrs. C. P. Huntington's tea room is, like the rest of her Fifth Avenue palace, unexcelled. Its cups are as large as bowls. No one serves tea in the demitasse. The linen under her tea tray is as fine as a thread, and the silver is the heavy oxidized work now fashionable.

Her room is a maze of drapery, the festoons being dependent from the sides of doorways and above mantels. Mrs. Huntington herself is a Rembrandt woman in type, and her colors are pale green, pale blue, and cardinal. Her tea room carries out these colors alternately, according to the delicate taste of the hostess.

Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt's tea room is a girl's room. This heiress, who could make a greater splurge than the Marl-

ton of the room, taking out and bringing back the cups.

It would be shocking at the beginning of Lent, when the soul is plunged deepest in self condemnation, to suggest that these afternoon teas are the vehicles for the gentlest and most persistent flirtations of the year, and that the Easter announcements and Easter weddings are only the reflex of the Lenten afternoon tea table. But the interesting fact remains that, over the little tea tables, more cups of the amber are poured for the men than for the women. Even Elsie Dyer, the great cotton leader, and the husband of a wife of remarkable beauty, colors the Lenten tea table and a whisper with the prettiest girl, while Mrs. Elsie blazes over her cup into the bewildered face of the collector had, home for a day. The Lenten tea table is too, too sweet for rapid resistance.

The new beauties of the season, those budding this year, and others just coming into full bloom, have their little tea rooms. Miss Evelyn Burden, who lost her jewels when her mother's were stolen in the great Jewel robbery that ever happened in New York, possesses a tiny tea room that lies in the extension of the parlor floor of her town house. This tea room is filled with souvenirs of journeys. Its curtains are silk net, and the tea service is blue left.

Miss Kitty Ding, the belle of the bud season, combines boudoir, tea room, and nest in the most fascinating way. And Miss Amy Bend, who is reported engaged to marry Willie K. Vanderbilt—when report is not connecting him with the business of Manchester—has a piano in her tea room and gives little musicales during the Lenten afternoons, when there's nothing going on but even-song in the churches, a

has the queen's boudoir almost repeated in the arrangement of her small tea room, even to the tables, the easel, and the little stiff chairs. Those who have seen Mrs. Potter in "La Collier de la Reine" will recognize the picture.

In London there is not a tea room that compares with New York's tea spots, the best being those of the two beautiful but widely separated ladies, Mrs. Langtry and Lady Randolph Churchill, the former now in the zenith of her spirits and beauty, and the latter keeping quiet.

Mrs. Dimmick, soon to be Mrs. Harrison, won Benjamin, "he said, over the teacups. If so, all the more promise of permanent bliss for both.

The woman who can call for hot water, set it boiling, rise the teacups in the scalding fluid, heat the teapot, put in the tea leaves, cover them with boiling water, shake them thoroughly, fill a pot full of water, cover with a silk cosy and set down to steep a minute, all the time keeping up a run of pleasant conversation, is the woman who can keep house without scowling. If she can pour the cup of tea, milk and sweeten it properly, without forgetting if you "like it clear," she is the woman who is not going to neglect you in the matter of stacks and new potatoes. That is Mrs. Dimmick to a T.

Architects plan the tea room when they are designing the main floor of a house, and those who build on Fifth avenue have money to put artifice enough in that one little tea room to make you wish in the planning that Lent lasted twelve months of the year, and that it were twilight all the time.

tion to the numbers of men at the reading tables, selected her book and chair

admit: "Mademoiselle has monsieur's chair."

"Each time she obligingly changed her seat, and every time a new man claimed it, hoping, of course, by these manoeuvres, either to tease her away from the long reading hall or draw her into conversation." Mademoiselle, however, indignantly moved several times until, finally, becoming outraged at the long continued impertinence, complained bitterly to the librarian, pointed out the men who had annoyed her, and in this way only obtained comparative peace. It is needless to add that she never went back to the library again.

"As to the boulevard lounge," pursued the experienced one, "I have seen him

## Deep In Woman's Mind.

Pet Superstitions that Have Not Yet Been Overthrown.

The new woman believes in the extension of suffrage for her sex, in discussing all social problems, in canceling the word "obey" from the marriage service, in bloomers and in just as many superstitions as even her great-grandmother adhered to. The very newest woman will hop off her bicycle in a sudden road, drag an old horse shoe out of the mire, carry it home in triumph and attribute her next piece of good luck to that rusty piece of iron, because every one of her sex, by habit or natural inclination and in spite of her higher education, continues to believe in signs and omens.

"It's good luck to pick up a pin only when you see one in getting out of bed," and a bespectacled Vassar graduate gravely, "but one must pick up all the pins one sees in the course of a day, else one will be cheated on the rough edge of a piece of money and you will soon receive money to add to that piece. If you dream three times in succession of birds you will fall heir to a fortune within the year, and something agreeable will occur in twelve hours if you happen unconsciously to put any garments on inside out. To reverse the garment changes the luck. If you open a book upside down, don't attempt to read anything in it or you will presently hear something disagreeable of yourself. I know a great many women who were that blue-eyed people are huge lucky that blue-eyed ones, who only tell their secrets to gray-eyed friends, and who believe that a woman with a black mole on her body is bound to come to a tragical end."

"My beliefs run to days," frankly admitted the woman who in the pin tea was trying to pose like Bernhardt. "Every woman who entertains is sure there is one day in the week on which she can have no success in any undertaking. My day is Thursday, but then I know lots of women who never make any positive engagements for Saturday, Sunday is a very black day in society lists, and there are numbers of otherwise sensible individuals who will never entertain on the day of the week on which some member of their family has died, just as there are those who, having once worn a gown to a funeral, will promptly give the whole costume away."

"Moreover, some girls I know feel there are certain garments in which they always meet with ill-luck. It may be a pair of pretty stockings, or gloves, or a dainty petticoat that shows signs of being blacked, and once the evil genius is accurately fixed on the accursed garment, off it goes, and usually the possessor burns it or gives it to some girl she has a grudge against. Now, of course," continued the parlor Bernhardt, solemnly, "you know that using cracked mirrors brings wrinkles, and why have I then never been able to make the tops popular?"

"It is because the majority believe that directly you take to wearing these yellow stones you will have a rival. The old superstitions about opals are passing out, but a woman is bound to be fickle in her affection if she wears a turquoise. The signs of bad luck are the kind one is apt to notice most carefully, and no girl with a care for her looks ever clips her hair under the dark of the moon or in the month of May at all. It's just as well to be on the safe side and observe the traditions as to cutting finger nails only on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, for of course you know the old rhyme:

Cut them on Monday, cut for anger;  
Cut them on Tuesday, kiss a stranger;  
Cut them on Wednesday, cut for a letter;  
Cut them on Thursday, something better;  
Cut them on Friday, cut for sorrow;  
Cut them on Saturday, joy tomorrow."

"It's the worst possible luck to lay an umbrella on a bed or divan, and it is a fair warning of some impending misfortune when a picture falls. I really know of many cases, where dreaming of water frequently has been followed by the death of friends, and all women seriously look for wedding cards in the mail after dreaming on real graveyard subjects."

The Front Room Can Stand It.  
Editor—Your narrative is too full.  
Author—Very well. I will introduce some hair-raising incidents.—Detroit Tribune.

## WORK FOR WOMEN.

Kindergarten Teaching the Best Employment for Girls.

The remuneration for trained kindergarten teachers equals, and in many cases exceeds, the average salaries paid to women along other lines of work, as will be seen by the following tabulated result:

For a kindergarten principal Hartford pays an average of \$1,000; Providence, \$750; Boston, \$650; Leport, \$700; New York and Rochester, \$550; Des Moines and Buffalo, \$500; Cambridge, \$520; Albany, \$500, and Philadelphia \$475.

The lines between the kindergarten and Sunday school have been closely drawn of late, until they finally converged by the closing of the position of Sunday school primary teacher to trained kindergarten teachers, for which an average salary of \$250 is paid.

The outlay necessary for the first course suggested, which is usually under the direction of a private teacher, is \$100 a year, including all incidental expenses, such as material, etc.

## She Reads Japanese.

Mrs. Frances Fisher Wood Is an Accomplished Oriental Scholar.

It has been supposed for some time that all professions for women had been tried by the gentler sex, but behold another, a unique one this time, and a lucrative one also—dealing in Oriental art works.

The fortunate woman who has chosen this following and become a noted expert in it is Mrs. Frances Fisher Wood, wife of the distinguished specialist, Dr. William B. Wood. She is the only woman in New York city who can read Japanese sufficiently well to be competent to decipher the names of authors and makers on Japanese pottery, as well as the dates and special marks on all sorts of art treasures. Such a reputation has she made for herself that when she goes into Oriental shops she is recognized at once because of the knowledge she displays concerning the curios and the language. What is more, Mrs. Wood is sent for from the custom house to give an expert's opinion on exports. She regularly engages in the business of buying and selling Oriental articles of vertu.

When only pursuing her bent from pleasure in it, Mrs. Wood often advises her friends in decorating and furnishing portions of their homes, and now this branch forms part of her business. She furnishes and embellishes Oriental rooms in fine residences and makes collections for curio seekers.

Her own store of Eastern treasures, valued at \$40,000, is used as a model for with her husband she has gathered a rare stock of Oriental and quaint things consisting of the jars, kakemonos or rolling pictures, old bronzes, temple gongs, lanterns, bells, Boddhis or idols and sword guards representing all periods, schools and artists. She was her own architect in the building of her summer place in Oyster Bay, which is Eastern in design, and is the show house at the summer resort. She watched the builders put every stone in place, and it is constructed without paint or plaster, varnish or stain; walls, ceiling, floor are all natural wood, after the Japanese style.

Mrs. Wood believes that in this new vocation there lies an immense opening for her sex with their good judgment, good taste and adaptability.



And Often Use Their Sticks in Trying to Tip the Sailor From Her Head.

soundly squelched by a plucky miss from Chicago, who, when he took off his hat to her with flowery compliments, received two pennies into his straw bottom with a benevolent smile that set him dancing with rage. The girl, you see, really thought he was asking for alms, for she didn't understand a word of French, and the hat was extending in a supplicating way.

"Down in the Latin Quarter the link, absentee-drinking students pursue less gentlemanly tactics, for they openly resent the invasion of their little world

by the American girl student. They hate her straw hat and independent ways. Along those narrow old streets of the ancient town groups of this century over their little shabby tables, throw broad puns at the sailor hats, quite derisive bits of verse, comment openly on the young woman's costume and appearance, and often use their sticks in trying to tip the sailor from her head."

"The Times' Toy Theaters will be continued next week."



The Doctor Memorizing a Bird.

discovery, as in their trance condition they literally see the dissected part of the anatomy, however hidden it may be from ordinary vision."

"Having conceived about their brains somewhere a Crookes tube that penetrates opaque substances, doctor? Seriously, do you think that clairvoyance might in some occult way be related to the new process of photography?"

"This is quite possible. The sciences are all linked together in one common brotherhood, you know."

with an emphatic "That's so, for I've lived in Paris, and have known nice young men who would drop into my brother's studio hot and tired from following at the heels of some pretty girl who caught their eye. For example," she continued, "there was a friend of mine, a tolerably pretty young person, who went all alone to the national library to look up a book. She understood that women were allowed to read there, and so they are, but only at long intervals does one of them screw up her courage and go. My friend, however, paid no at-

tion to the numbers of men at the reading tables, selected her book and chair and began her task. Now, will you believe it, not one of the fifty odd men, busy over their volumes, but looked up at her with the eagerest interest. She paid no attention, however, until by and by the men hit upon a plan. One by one they rose and in dulcet accents begged her pardon, but

admit: "Mademoiselle has monsieur's chair."

"Each time she obligingly changed her seat, and every time a new man claimed it, hoping, of course, by these manoeuvres, either to tease her away from the long reading hall or draw her into conversation." Mademoiselle, however, indignantly moved several times until, finally, becoming outraged at the long continued impertinence, complained bitterly to the librarian, pointed out the men who had annoyed her, and in this way only obtained comparative peace. It is needless to add that she never went back to the library again.

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